

The Walk in the Fields.

Appendix

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Their father said he wanted Mary & Ned to know one field from another, so he would take them for a walk.

They came to a field where five or six cows were ~~the~~ eating the grass, and some others were lying down, chewing the cud. Ned knew that this was a pasture field, so they went through it.

Mary did not know what chewing the cud meant, so her father told her they ~~were~~ the cows were eating their dinners over again.

Then Mary wanted to go into a field where the grass was long & green; because there were pretty ~~many, except,~~ white flowers in it. But Ned knew better; he said that was a meadow, and they must not tramp on the grass. Soon it would be cut down to make hay for the horses & cows to eat in the winter.

Then Mary remembered that she had helped to make hay last summer, and that there was a hay-stack near their house.

"Now thin the grass is in that field, father!" said Ned. "That is not grass, my boy; it is wheat. By and by, the corn will grow tall; and the ear will come, full of grains. When the corn gets yellow the grains are ripe, ready to be ground into flour."

Then it is harvest time; and the reapers cut down the yellow corn, and bind it up into sheaves.

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The Cow

Thank you, pretty cow, that gave
Me sweet milk to soak my bread,
Every morn and every night,
Warm & fresh, and rich & sweet.

Do not chew the weeds so rank,
Grow-ing there upon the bank;
But the yellow cows eats eat,
They will make it nice & sweet.

When the pretty daisy grows,
When the clear cool water flows,
When the grass is fresh & fine,
Pretty cow, go thank the Nine.

Look a-round they - look a-round,
Flowers in all the fields a-round;
Every run-ning stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small & wav-ing bough
Promises sweet flowers & fruit.

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The Walk in the Town.

Their mother promised the children that they should go with her on the next Saturday when she took her butter & eggs to market.

It was a long way to the town, but the two big ones ~~were~~ ^{had} to walk, and the little ones ~~were~~ ^{had} to sit on the donkey, and the big ones were able to walk.

They met a good many people going to the town: some with baskets of butter and eggs; ~~like their mother~~ some with baskets of apples or pears: some with carts full of potato-tubs or turnips.

Their mother told them ^{that} all these things were going to the market to be sold. Many people live in the town, and nothing grows in the street. So country people bring good for the people in the town.

When they got into Bedford. Many said ^{not} there were no fields, but long streets with houses on each side of the way. Soon they came to a street where there were many shops with big windows. They stopped so long at the windows of a toy-shop that their mother thought they were lost.

The children were frightened, because there were so many people in the streets that they could not ^{at first} find their mother at first.

"I have counted six churches already," said Ned, "and we have only one at home!" By and by they came to a large open place, where the country people set up stalls, and waited to sell things they had brought. This was the market.

The Donkey

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Poor donkey! I'll give him a hand ful of grass;
I'm sure he's an honest, though stupid, old ass.
He trots to the meadow to carry the sack,
And lets me ride all the way home on his back.
And only just stops by the gate for a minute
To see if there is any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now then, he has got a bad trick
Of standing ^{stock} still, & just trying to kick.
But poor, poor old yellow! You know he can't tell
that standing ^{stock} still is not using me well;
First never comes into his head, I dare say,
To do his work first, & then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey, I'll give you energy,
For you know no better because you're an ass;
But what little donkeys own children nowdays
Who stand, very like you, stock-still at their work,
And waste every moment of time as it passe.—
A great deal more stupid & silly than asses!
Jane Taylor

How Red Found His Way.

221 p. 500 v. 13

The next Monday, ~~their mother~~ again Mrs. Brown asked Red if he could find his way to the town; because she wanted him to take some eggs to a lady who lived in High Street.

Now Red had been so busy looking at the people and carts, & the houses they passed, that he had not thought much about the way.

So his mother directed him. Not is to say, she told him exactly how to find his way to Redford.

You must go, said she, straight along the high road, until you come to a place where two roads meet. Take the one on your right-hand, and go on till you come to a white Inn called the Big Bull. Here there are two roads & you must take the one to your left, which will lead you straight into the High Street. The lady lives at number 32.

Red said these directions over to his mother many times to make quite sure of them.

As he walked along the high road he said to himself: There two roads meet, turn to the right. By the Big Bull, turn to the left.

When he got to the two roads, he took out what he called his writing hand, and turned the way it pointed. Red made no mistakes, but left his eggs at number 32, ^{held} ~~High~~. How well he had found his way.

The Robin Red-breasts

Two Robin Red-breasts built their nest
 Within a hol-low tree;
 The hen sat-quiecly at home.
 The cock sang mer-ri-cly,
 And all the little young ones said,
 "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!"

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
 And shining in the sky)
 Cock Robin said, "My little dear,
 'Tis time you learn to fly;"
 And all the little young ones said,
 "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by and by,
 When mother says, "Do this, or 'that,'"
 She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
 She'd be a better child by far,
 If she would say, "I'll try."
 Aunt Effie's Rhyme.

"Fathers walls."

When Mr. Brown heard how Dead had found his way to Redford, he said: "Now children I will give you a puzz'-le-walk for you next half hol-i-day."

If you can find your way by my directions
~~I shall direct~~ you shall have this bag of
 nests when you come back.

When you leave the house, turn to your right, &
 go down the road un-til you pass a cottage with
 a rose-bush in the garden; and a gate painted
 white.

Now, you will come to a stile on the left-hand
 side of the road. Get over it, and you are in
 a meadow full of big ox-eye daisies.

Keep in the path, and you will come to another
 stile, which leads you into a path through a turnip
 field.

On one side of this path there is a hedge where
 there are lots of big black-berries. But boys
 and girls do not like black-berries, do they?

The children laugh-ed, and Mary said
 they ^{would} take a can & a bas-ket and
 bring them home to make ^{pies} ~~and~~ ^{puddings} of.

Off they set; but there were two stiles, one on
 the right hand, & the other on the left. Nobody
 could re-mem-ber which father had said, so
 they took the stile on the right hand side. It led
 them through one plough-ed field after another.
 They got no black-berries; and when they got home,
 there was no bag of nests for them.

Dirty Jack -

There was one little Jack,
Not very long back,
And 'is said, to his last-ing dis-grace,

That he never was seen
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did they know,

But all was in vain,-

He was dirty again.
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He mr-will-ing by went,

With water to splash him self over,

But he left the black streaks

Running down both his cheeks,

And made them look worse than before.

You want to know what
Like the pigs in their sty,

He al-way was prig-ting about:

Well, people have thought

This poor de-mor ought

To be mad with from legs & a snout.

The idle and bad

Many like to mis lead

Be dirty and black to be seen;

But good boys are seen

With hands and face clear.

Al-tho' they are ever so poor
Jan Taylor.

The Children's Walks

221 p 19 June 33, '17

Their father was sorry for the tired little folks;
who said they should set him a pug-gle-walk,
& if he could find his way by their directions,
they should still have the bag of nuts.

So they thought of a walk, and talked about
it in whis-pers so that Father & mother should
not hear.

When Sat-ur-day af-ter-morn came, they set
off. Mary was to keep count of the turns they
made, to the right or to the left. When they
got home, this was what they told their father:

Go straight down this road until
you come to the park lodge. A little way
past the lodge, there is a little white gate,
which leads you into a wood.

And, Oh father, there are such heaps of primroses
and blue-bells in the wood! We could not
get little roses along: she would stop to
gather more than her little hands could hold.

But there is a broad path through the middle
of the wood, which you may walk-follow.

And we saw a rab-bit run across with his
funny tail cocked up, said little Dick. -

Well, And went on, when you come to the end of
the wood, you cross a stile which leads you
into a clover field. There are two first paths
through this field, & you must take the one
to the right, which leads you ~~straight~~ ^{through} ~~the~~
~~field~~ ~~until~~ ~~you~~ ~~come~~ ~~out~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~very~~ ~~road~~.

At their father set off to find the way, & their mother was
with him & the children followed at the ~~back~~ ^{side} ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~long~~ ~~time~~;
& at last they ~~left~~ ^{left} ~~the~~ ^{side} ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~long~~ ~~time~~;

John Barleycorn,

There went three kings into the east

Three kings both feet slippy;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,

John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,

But clods upon his head;

And they have sworn a solemn oath

John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on.

And showers began to fall;

John Barleycorn got up again.

And so surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,

And he grew milk and strong;

His head well armed with pointed spurs,

That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,

And he grew wan and pale;

His bending joints and drooping head

Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,

He faded into age;

And then his enemies began

To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp

And cut him by the knee,

Then tied him fast upon a cart

Like a rogue for disorderly.

Burns.